

THE
HISTORY OF
A
LITTLE BOY

Found Under an Haycock.

FOUNDED ON FACTS.

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LITTLE BOY

FOUND UNDER AN HAYCOCK.

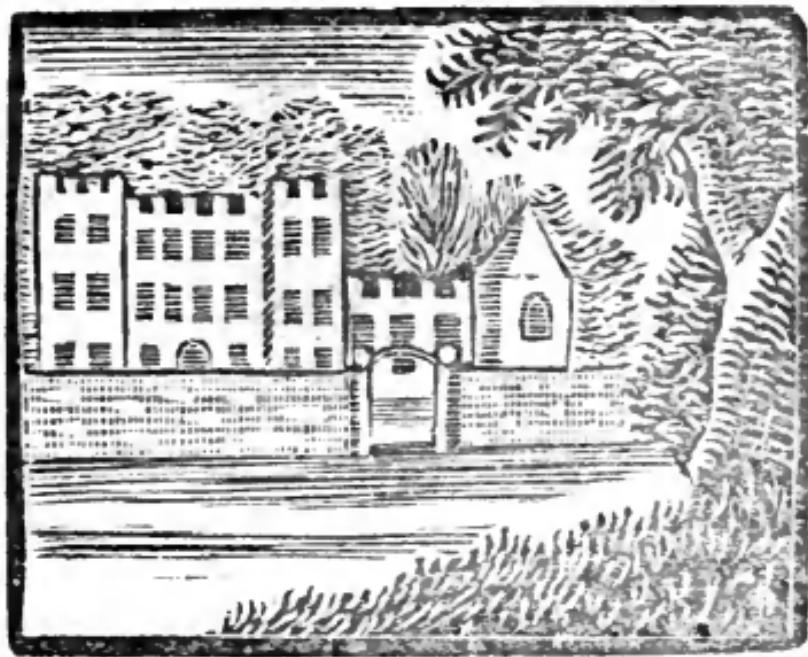
As Miss Mildmay and her sister were a walking one summer afternoon, in a meadow adjoining their papa's house, they heard the cries of a poor little infant in distress ; and going to the place from whence the voice proceeded, they found a sweet little boy under a baycock quite naked, crying, Oh my mam ! my mam ! was all the ladies could get out of the poor little creature for some time. But Miss Mildmay taking him up in her arms, covered him with her cloak, and carried him home, and dressed him in some of her brother Billy's old clothes ;



and after soothing him all in her power, and giving him some sweetmeats, she asked him how he came naked under the haycock, Manimy left Harry asleep, lisped the poor child, and then burst again into such a flood of tears, crying, O my mam ! my mam ! as made each one's heart ache who heard him. Consider, my dear little readers,



the dreadful situation of this helpless innocent, left naked to the wide world, no brother, no sister, no friend to cherish or protect him; and learn from hence to place a proper value upon the tenderness and affection of your parents, lest you should be deservedly



forsaken by them in the same manner as poor Harry Haycock was, who did not deserve it ; for notwithstanding this cruel treatment of his parents, I assure you Harry was not a bad child, and therefore found a friend where all good children will. God Almighty, who will be a father to the



fatherless, if good children, and he can judge not from words and actions alone, he observes each sinful thought also, and was therefore no stranger to the goodness of Harry's heart, and did not forsake him, though his parent did ; but raised him up a friend, and a good one too in Miss Mildmay's papa, who did not send Harry to the



parish as most poor foundlings are, but brought him up at his own expence, for which Harry was not ungrateful, but endeavoured by diligence and assiduity for to render all the return in his power. Mr. Mildmay farmed a large estate of his own, and little Harry lent him all the assistance he could in the management of it. He rose in the morning with the lark; and as soon as he had said his prayers



and washed his face and hands, out he goes into the yard, and calls all the fowls, cocks, turkeys, and geese about him, cock, cock, cockatoo, cried the cock ; quack, quack, cried the duck ; lubber, cried the turkey cock.

As soon as Harry had done with the fowls, he takes his whip in his hand, and marches over the ground to see



that the sheep and oxen are all in their
proper places—Hey day says he,
Little boy Blue, blow your horn,
The cows in the meadow, the sheep
in the corn,
What, this is the way you mind the
sheep,
Under the haycock, fast asleep.

Ah ! you lazy rogue, I'll cure you
of going to sleep and neglecting your



business ; with that he gave him such a twinge by the ear, and then whipped him behind the haycock, leaving Blue to wonder from whence it came. In one end of his master's estate to the other, before breakfast, taking care to return in time to be one of the first in school, and while he was there, no boy paid more attention to his bock than he did, he did not idle away his time like Ned Noddle, and get a good



rap on the shoulders two or three times a day — No, no, he stuck close to his books as well as his business whilst he was at it ; but when that was over he was as fond of a little innocent amusement as any of them, and would not sit over the fire on a fine moon light evening, but you might hear him call the boys of the village together.



Billy Bright, come out and play,
The moon doth shine as bright as day,
Pray quick attend your playmate's call
Come with a good will or not at all.

Well, what shall we divert ourselves
at for an hour, says Frank Fearnought.
Suppose we play at soldiers.—I can't
say I am fond of playing at soldiers,



replies Harry ; for however necessary such men are, it is an employment of too fatal a tendency in itself to be admired as a diversion. Observe poor Tom Mills, (who was hobbling towards them on his crutches) what a wretched existence he is obliged to drag about ! He lost both his legs at the battle of—God bless you ; young gentlemen, says the poor fellow taking off his hat with an air of decent hu-



mility, bestow your charity upon an old soldier. Don't trouble us with your importunities, cried Frank Flint. Go to Chelsea, and get relief there. For shame, Master Flint, says our hero, thus to insult an unfortunate old man whose best blood has been spilt in defence of his country, rather let us contribute some trifle towards les-



sening his miseries ; and putting his hand in his pocket, he gave him the only penny of which he was master.

Now my little readers bear this in your mind, (like Harry) never insult the unfortunate, lest some misfortune befal you.



J. KENDREW, Printer, York.